

AUGUST 1934

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Our Dumb Animals



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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 8

One cannot fail to note the remarkably quick passage through Parliament of the Rodeo Bill summarized in another column. That species of animal torture scarcely obtained a foothold in England, so strong was the revolt against it.

Although the echoes of the 1934 Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday are still being heard, it is not too soon to think of next year and to plan for adequate celebrations. The dates have been set: Humane Sunday, April 7; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 8-13, 1935.

Our heartiest congratulations to Miss Marshall Saunders of Toronto, whose world-famous book, "Beautiful Joe," was a prize story of our own American Humane Education Society, upon being decorated by King George as a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

The University of London Animal Welfare Society has started a vigorous campaign of information and agitation against the use of the steel trap in Great Britain. The Mayor of Torquay presided at a protest meeting in that city. Dr. A. H. Kirkman stated the steel trap catches 200,000 rabbits in the British Isles every night in winter.

In every city, village and hamlet throughout New South Wales, Australia, the clergy of Protestant churches were circularized and asked to make special reference to the subject of kindness to animals in their addresses on Humane Sunday. This co-operation was willingly given, in many instances the full sermon being based on some phase of humane work.

Fifteen thousand essays—13,000 in grammar schools and 2,000 in high schools—that is what the pupils in Buffalo, N. Y., did in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, stimulated by prizes offered by the Erie County Humane Society. The contest was under the able direction of Miss Margaret F. Rochester, one of the outstanding leaders in humane education in the country today.

Humane Slaughter of Our Food Animals

WE are very glad to publish a brief report sent us of an interview with the representatives of the Institute of American Meat Packers, June 5, 1934, by a group of women in Chicago who have become deeply interested in this question and whose influence is bound to be a notable factor in securing humaner methods in the slaughter of our food animals. Of course, we missed from the list of those present the late Mrs. Charlotte L. Hunt, president of the Chicago Humane Education Society. She would have been there had not her untimely death prevented.

The Institute was represented by Messrs. H. D. Tefft and R. W. Regensburger. The committee consisted of Mrs. Kral, Illinois Congress of Parent Teachers; Mrs. J. Baldwin, humane chairman of Chicago Cook County Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Cornell, North Side representative of Chicago Humane Education Society; Mrs. H. E. Joseph, Taxpayers' and Voters' League of Illinois; Mrs. E. C. Dow, International Humane League; Mr. W. B. Wernecke, Anti-Cruelty Society; and Mr. L. Fine, attorney.

This committee was received courteously by Messrs. Tefft and Regensburger, substituting for Mr. Wesley Hardenburgh, vice-president of the Institute. Mrs. Dow spoke briefly of the advance made in humane slaughter of the food animals in other countries, stating that Sweden for many years had made humane killing compulsory, that in certain sections of Germany it had for generations been compulsory, that this was also true in late years of Holland, and that Scotland had secured legislation making it compulsory for the greater part of the food animals. That a bill for it was pending in the South African Parliament, and is probably passed by now. That though the American killing problem is rendered more difficult by the number of animals and their comparative wildness, American inventiveness should be able to find a solution to the question, if the American meat packers so desire. That in countries where humane killing is installed, meat consumption jumped 25 to 50%. That the plea for hu-

mane killing is not purely local to Chicago, or a passing sentimentalism, but is backed by many organizations as well as individuals, notably the American Humane Education Society (Boston, Mass.), the Latham Foundation (Oakland, Calif.), the Women's Humane Club of S. California and the Millenium Guild. In proof of these statements a large roll of signed International Humane League petitions was submitted for inspection as well as the smaller individual protests collected by the American Humane Education Society.

Mr. Tefft stated that much research work had been done, and at the Cudahy Plant, Milwaukee, Wis., it was thought two years ago that a successful method of humane killing had been found, but the meat showed blood streaks, and the monetary loss was so great that the method was abandoned. He spoke of carrying animals in slings for stunning, and of the Leduc method. He seemed vague as to what progress had been accomplished since 1930, but stated that research was being carried on assiduously—that humane slaughter would be installed shortly.

Mr. Fine stated that we all realized that people would eat meat, but that this campaign to reduce meat consumption until the installation of humane killing would continue, emphasizing the fact that speed and money were not the only considerations in the industry. He denounced Kosher killing as unspeakably cruel.

Mrs. Baldwin spoke feelingly of one visit to the stock-yards, particularly in reference to the slaughter of swine.

Mr. Wernecke asked information relative to his problems as a stock raiser.

Mr. Tefft asked for any information that could be obtained from Germany on humane killing, as that nation seemed to have found a method which could be used here. Efforts will be made to obtain this.

Several times the question was asked when will humane killing be installed here, as if it is installed in the Chicago yards, it will undoubtedly be adopted in the abattoirs throughout America and Canada.

This conference lasted almost two hours.

Poisoned Wild Life

EMORY WARD

SEVERAL months ago I became acquainted with an interesting individual who had formerly been a large ranch owner in the western states, and whose knowledge of wild life was extensively garnished by years of actual experience in the out-of-doors. He willingly admitted that he had done considerable trapping, himself, in his younger days, yet he was bitterly opposed to the use of poisoned baits to secure the pelts of the fur bearers.

One type of poison is used on grain, he revealed, to kill off excessive ground squirrels who are blamed for much destruction on the western farms and ranches. This poison brings death not only to the animals who taste the baited grain, but also to others who feast on the poisoned bodies of their fallen comrades. In action, the poison is slow, and the animals crawl painfully back to their dens to suffer a slow death.

"I have known many cases," he declares, "where domestic dogs and cats have eaten the flesh of a poisoned squirrel, and have died, themselves, in consequence. Skunks, coyotes, and many coon are likewise killed by the poisoned flesh."

The baited grain with its fatal poison brings death to countless quail, meadow larks, and other precious song birds each year, as well as to the smaller animals of field and forest. Even the hawks and eagles who feed on the bodies of the poisoned song birds are fatally affected.

"I have seen many small cottontails limp slowly to their holes," he informed me, "to die in pain and agony because of the poisoned grain. God knows it's cruel enough to capture the small fur bearers in steel traps, yet the use of poison is a far greater crime."

He likewise revealed that in some instances carbon bisulphide is used, and the animals are trapped and killed within their own dens. A little of this liquid poisoning is poured on a handful of old rags or newspapers, and then ignited. The blazing mass is thrust deep into the squirrel hole, and all entrances are sealed. The animals are thus entombed hopelessly in the poisonous fumes.

I was astounded at the wholesale destruction which my comrade described. "But why must the animals be poisoned?" I asked him. "Why must the ground squirrels be exterminated in such destructive numbers?"

My friend shook his head. "It is entirely unnecessary," he replied. "Although I will admit that the ground squirrels are responsible for a considerable amount of damage on the farms and ranches of our western states, yet they are not as greatly responsible as the farmers would have us believe. The same thing was done with the coyotes. The sheepmen said that the coyotes were killing hundreds of their sheep, but when they started to poison off the plunderers, as many of their own sheep were the victims of their poison as were the coyotes who raided the flocks."

I shook my head. "What a sacrifice of precious wild life," I told him, "to satisfy an individual's selfish greed."

He nodded. And the silence was as impressive as any words he could have spoken.

Join the Jack London Club and help stop the cruelty of trained animal acts.



WATERBUCK (TRANSVAAL)

Counsel for the Defense

DAVID LEE WHARTON

LADIES and gentlemen of the jury! Having been appointed by the highest tribunal of the universe to defend the prisoner at the bar, he having no method of defense, lacking even the power of speech, I shall state briefly a few of the reasons why he should be set at liberty and returned to his original home.

To begin with, my client not only has not had a fair trial, but he has had no trial of any kind whatsoever. How could he, when he has not been so much as accused of any crime, or even misdemeanor? He was seized by force while in the peaceful pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, in his God given home, thrown into a cage too small to admit of any kind of exercise, and in addition made a gazing stock for the crass and morbidly curious. In the fearful prison known as the "zoo," there is no possibility of a pardon, no curtailing of sentence for good behavior, no parole. In short, he is a lifer, and may well say "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." He has no exercise, no entertainment is provided for him, as there is for the human prisoner, even though the human has been convicted of the most heinous crimes.

The prosecution has told you that the incarceration and exploitation of the prisoner is a necessary adjunct to the education of the "higher" animal. Will some one kindly explain how any man, woman or child could possibly be benefitted intellectually, spiritually, or in any other way by gazing curiously upon the misery of a fellow creature cruelly pent up to make a moronic holiday? In the hour of death will a man be more fit to enter eternity and meet his Maker because he has looked upon a magnificent tiger

and other lordly denizens of the jungle lying in futile rage and despair upon the floor of a cage, which in addition to being a prison cell is utterly inadequate in every respect? Look! if you have the presumption, upon the indescribably piteous face of the prisoner, can you not understand the shame he feels for the insensate who gaze indifferently upon his unhappiness? Try to put yourself in the place of the victim upon whose behalf I have the honor to stand before you. How vociferous would be your demands for a "fair" trial! How stentorian your shouts regarding your "inalienable rights!"

It is not pity alone which we seek. It is JUSTICE, simple, stark justice, ordinary humanity, the semblance of a square deal!

Are there not enough fair minded, thinking men and women upon this jury to render a humane and righteous verdict in behalf of this captive, listed among the dumb, but whose very muteness pleads more thunderously than the babel of thousands of human tongues?

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, it is up to you!

New Act of Parliament

We are glad to publish the text of the *Protection of Animals Act, 1934*, which regulates so-called rodeos in Great Britain.

Chapter 21

An Act to provide further protection to certain animals. [17th May 1934.]

Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1.—(1) No person shall promote, or cause or knowingly permit to take place any public performance which includes any episode consisting of or involving—

- (a) throwing or casting, with ropes or other appliances, any unbroken horse or untrained bull; or
- (b) wrestling, fighting, or struggling with any untrained bull; or
- (c) riding, or attempting to ride, any horse or bull which by the use of any appliance or treatment involving cruelty is, or has been, stimulated with the intention of making it buck during the performance;

and no person shall in any public performance take part in any such episode as aforesaid.

(2) For the purposes of proceedings under paragraph (a) or paragraph (b) of the preceding subsection, if an animal appears or is represented to spectators to be unbroken or untrained it shall lie on the defendant to prove that the animal is in fact broken or trained.

2. If any person contravenes any of the provisions of the foregoing section, he shall be liable upon summary conviction to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds, or, alternatively, or in addition thereto, to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding three months.

3.—(1) This Act may be cited as the *Protection of Animals Act, 1934*.

(2) This Act shall not extend to Northern Ireland.

The Universal Brotherhood

NIXON WATERMAN

*They who mistreat poor, helpless brutes
Would so treat us, without a doubt
Had we, as have God's wordless mutes,
No voice by which they'd be found out.
It seems it would be only fair
Could we, betimes, dumb beasts imbue
With speech that they, in court, might swear
To wicked deeds that humans do.*

*But since they lack the gift of speech
Whereby to tell the wrongs they feel
We must do all within our reach
To give to them an even deal.
And cowards who refuse to mend
The ways their souls must know are
wrong
Need all be told we will defend
The voiceless weak against the strong.*

More "Cheating" in Jungle Films

THE invention of sound-film adds another vicious element in the presentation of motion pictures wherein animals are employed. The "jungle film," though procured by artificial means, was evolved as a most alluring form of public entertainment, an attraction so irresistible as to boost box-office receipts many fold. To the sights and scenes of beasts fighting "to the death," the resourceful producer now has added the sounds of their mortal combats.

How long will the devotees of the film be gulled by this kind of false and unnatural representation? Have we become utterly indifferent to the debasing character of such forms of deception and misrepresentation? Where in this country will any officers of the law or any self-respecting community of citizens permit the exhibition of living wild animals goaded to fight one another before paying audiences? Are we approaching such a period as when the fights of wild beasts led to gladiatorial combats, and the public conscience enjoyed slaughter as a form of entertainment?

Fascist Medal for Dog

A dispatch from Florence, Italy, tells of the decoration of "Stellino," a dog, by the Fascist animal protective society.

Stellino was found holding solitary vigil over the body of a workman master who fell into a cave near the city. The man had been dead for some days, the dog nearly starved.

A special silver medal was struck for Stellino's collar. The Fascist emblem is on one side. On the other:

"He could not have given more."
...
"All done by kindness" is still the same old gag of the animal trainer.

India's Famous Trained Elephants

EARLE W. GAGE

VISITORS to India are surprised to see trained elephants doing the heavy jobs that are usually done by tractors and other machinery. They are amazed to watch elephants lift heavy logs with their tusks, draw large loads of lumber on little trucks, and work in herds about the Rangoon sawmills.

Fewer people travel back into the Burma jungles and watch the elephant logging crews as they get out the teakwood that is sent to all parts of the world. This is one of the most valuable of woods. It is as pliable as cane, nearly as hard as iron, and does not decay. The trees are felled like our own, by sawing them off, the limbs trimmed off the trunk, and logs cut. Then it is that the elephant herd starts working. They either haul the logs to the bank of a river or to a railway to be delivered to the sawmill.

At the Rangoon sawmills a herd of one hundred elephants work. All are bossed by old "Joe," an elephant nearly seventy-five years old, now famous all over the world as the trainer of more elephants than any man or beast. While Joe does not actually work, he is boss of the yard, and performs his tasks with a clock-like precision which few men could copy. Joe sees to it that the elephants do their work promptly, the right way, from the time the whistle blows until it again announces the noon hour or quitting time in the late afternoon.

Old Joe slips along the lines of elephants, to boss the setting out for the morning's work, and in less than three minutes the hundred or more elephants are on their way to the inlet, where they work in two lines. One line walks to the inlet, the other from, keeping up a continuous movement just like an endless belt.

Each elephant picks up in his trunk a selected log and goes along the log pile, as his mahout (driver) guides him to the right pile, and directs him when it is time to drop the log. Stepping over to the end of the log pile, the elephant lowers his head, gazes along the log, and if it is out of line, punches it with his tusks until it is straight. All day long, week after week, the elephant herd keep on piling logs, according to size

and grade, without any human aid, except that of the mahout, whose task it is to keep the animals the correct distance apart.

Slipping about in the mud of the wet season, hauling logs in the very dry season of deep dust, the elephants work eight hours a day, with no vacations, spending a lifetime, whether forty, fifty or a hundred years, handling logs.

Logs litter the yard, while hundreds more are floating in the river, nearby. These logs are massive, from sixteen to twenty inches square and thirty-five feet long. Stepping over these, to select just the size and length log he is handling, the elephant lumbers away all day long, slowly but surely performing his work.

Our sawmill yards are very noisy places, with the hum and creak of machinery. But the yard in Rangoon seems very quiet; only the hum of the large saws breaks the silence. For the elephants toil on and on, the only sound being the voice of the mahout who sits upon the animal's back and who appears like a little boy perched aloft, but whose commands are faithfully obeyed by the animals.

Wading into the muddy waters of the river, the elephants lift the large logs out of the water with their tusks and drag them into the large open shed beside the sawmill. They walk on the rolling, uncertain logs as easily as if it were a paved road, and manage their towers of legs and broad pads of feet with perfect sureness.

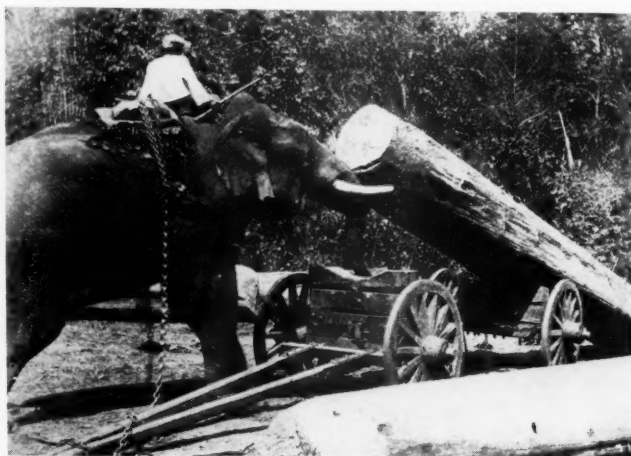
In handling the logs, elephants work alone, but when the logs have been sawed into lumber, two elephants work together to pile it up. The two elephants, one standing on each end of the squares of wood, lift them and lay them down in perfect piles. They use their tusks, which have been shortened and curved with saw and file, to raise the timbers, and their trunks to push them into place.

When the whistle blows for dinner, the elephants instantly leave whatever they are doing, no matter where they are, and walk off to the feeding yard. If an elephant is in the river, lifting a log, he drops it and turns toward his dinner.

Nearly every elephant has worked in the log and lumber yard twenty or more years, some of them, like old Joe, much longer. He has been here nearly seventy years.

Some of the elephants have been trained to perform a trick which surprises visitors. As the party advances toward an elephant, he will throw his trunk forward in an alarming manner, which causes the stranger to run; but the elephant follows and soon overtakes the person. He will not stop until coins are cast upon the ground. These he picks up, no matter whether they are between logs or in the mud, and calmly hands them to his mahout. Then he turns and walks away as if nothing had happened. But not until he has searched out and found the very last coin.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.



UNLOADING A TEAK-LOG, BURMA

The Burros of Cordova

The burros, singly or in lines of five or ten, are among the common and interesting sights of Spain

WALTER SCOTT

*The land of Spain has world-wide fame;
Who does not know its beauty?
Among its charms I'd like to name
The burros of Cordova.*

*Strong, gentle and hard working friend,
All kinds of loads you carry,
My greetings from the heart I send,
Wise burro of Cordova.*

*The Guadalquivir flows along
Past mosque, and bridge and city,
All share in story and in song
With burros of Cordova.*

*No burro ever hurt a child,
At least within my knowledge,
The horse and auto may run wild
But no Cordova burro.*

*You show us how to work and play,
Go slow and bear our burdens,
When free you dance along your way,
Brave burro of Cordova.*

*Tell me the secret of your life,
You seem content and happy
And peaceful in the midst of strife,
Wise burro of Cordova.*

*Think you the New Age comes this way,
A happier world to be,
Less work, more play, a holy day,
Brave burro of Cordova?*

*I hope that I may see again
The young men and the maidens,
The comely matrons, stalwart men
And burros of Cordova.*

As to Bull-fights in Cuba

IN response to a letter from our two organizations urging upon the President of the Cuban Republic that action be taken against the proposal to introduce bull-fighting again into Cuba, we have received the following:

The Secretary to the President acknowledges to the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society of Boston, his letter of the 28th of May, and has the pleasure of informing him that in compliance with the instructions of the President of the Republic it has been turned over to the Secretary of the Interior, said letter relating to bull-baiting in order that the matter may have the attention of that department.

EMETERIO S. SANTOVENIA takes this opportunity to reiterate that the above matter will have due consideration.

The swans on the palace moat, Wells, England, have acquired a habit handed down from many generations, of ringing a bell for their daily food. A string is connected with a bell in the old drawbridge, and it is interesting to watch the birds pulling at the string until they are rewarded by food thrown from the window.



THE AMERICAN BURRO HAS LITTLE POETRY IN HIS LIFE

Mules and Mines

DAVID LAVENDER

FAR off down the twisting drift of the mine tunnel two lights came bobbing into view. It was the ore train. We stepped aside as the engine—an old yellow mule—drew abreast.

The mule nickered and stopped. The driver slackened his reins. "Go ahead and git your apple, 'Josie'," he said.

Josie was busy getting not one apple, but many. All the miners had opened their lunch boxes and were crowding around, offering fruit saved from their midday meal. Josie, her fat sides quivering, was enjoying a regal feast.

The mule-skinner let her eat her fill. When she had had enough, she started out again of her own accord.

"It's a devil of a note," I said to Christmas Tree John, "making a mule work underground."

Christmas Tree shrugged. "Why? Them mules only work eight hours a day, same as us. They're fed all they can eat. It ain't no harder on a mule than it is on a man."

I was new to the gold "diggings" of Colorado. I'd come up above timberline with many preconceived notions. One was that the mine mules are continually subjected to unrelieved abuse. Reluctantly but surely, however, I was forced to the conclusion that if I were a mule and had to work anyhow, I'd just as soon work in a gold mine as anywhere. Rather, perhaps.

The average little mountain mine is an isolated place, and it is seldom possible to get electric power to pull the ore trains. So the work is done by mules. Without them the mines would cease to function.

The best of care is given these four-legged power plants. Up here, 12,000 feet high on the roof of the world, hay has to be packed, literally a pound at a time, over narrow, precipitous trails. It costs from \$16 to \$20 a ton delivered. But there is no stint in feeding. And always there is a generous helping of oats for dessert.

In summer, of course, they can get out and graze. In the winter it is a different proposition. The snow piles up thirty feet deep and the thermometer shivers at sixty below. The mules are glad to stay in the scrupulously clean, well-heated barns. It beats pawing the mountain side for a thin meal of willow bark.

I know of only one case of confinement that can be described as cruel, and that couldn't be helped. We had "Cooney," the black mule, up on two level, hauling timbers. Inside there was no way to get a mule down to the main tunnel and out. The only trail led above ground, along the cliffs.

An early fall blizzard came whooping across the pass and drifted a mammoth blockade over the tunnel mouth. The only way out was down a rickety man-way ladder and through the main level. And of course Cooney couldn't climb ladders. We tried to dig a trail through the snow for him, but it was no use. It filled in faster than we could shovel it out. He was snowed in for the winter.

We rigged up a windlass and cranked hay up 600 feet by hand for him. He was always glad to see us when we came to feed him and followed us around like a dog. He was happy when summer came and he could get out. As a recompense we weren't going to work him at all. But after two weeks or so Cooney got restless. He came in the barn and stood beside his harness. He wanted to get back on the job.

These mine mules are extremely clever. They know just how much they're supposed to do, and neither pleading nor pounding can get an ounce more work out of them. Once when I was driving "Buck," I hitched on five cars. Four is the regular number. Buck just laid back his ears and stood there. There was no budging him. I went back and unhooked the extra car. He looked around to make sure it was gone, and then started into the mine without my saying a word.

All of the mules are great pets with the miners. They are pampered, fed fruits and sweets, and generally made a fuss over. Why not? There's not much to make life easy in a gold mine, and a mule is a firmer friend than lots of men.

We all felt pretty down at the mouth when Buck died, though no one said much about it. The whole crew worked at blasting a grave for him out of the granite below the mill. We didn't put up a marker. There was no need for it. We all knew that Buck was where he liked it best—underground.

A Surprising Interview

The New York *World-Telegram* recently had an interview with Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, unofficial spokesman for the cult of dog-lovers in the land, who had this to say about cats:

"A cat is unconquerable . . . You take a human baby, a puppy and a kitten and put them on the floor and bring danger near. The baby will yowl for help. The puppy will roll over on its back and wave its paws in the air and beg you not to hurt it. But the kitten will arch its back and spit and prepare to fight. You can't conquer a cat."

The reporter was indiscreet enough to ask the famous dog-lover if dogs are more intelligent than cats, and reports that Mr. Terhune looked a little uncomfortable as he replied:

"I am an honest man and I must admit that the answer is no. Cats do some marvelously intelligent things. They will learn by themselves to unlatch a door or to hit a faucet handle until they turn the water on. A dog would never learn that."

A Canine Letter Carrier

J. L. CONSIDINE

ONE carrier of Uncle Sam's mail who will have no trouble about the validity of his contract or alleged overcharges is "Watty," the twenty-six months old St. Bernard dog who is the bearer of letters and papers from La Porte, California, to the Bunker Hill mine, fourteen miles away.

La Porte is one of the oldest mining camps in California, one of the few ghost cities of the days of Forty-nine with inhabitants enough to rate a post office. It is in Plumas County, one of the northwestern counties, and hence in the Sierra Nevada mountains, where the snow is deep in winter.

The Bunker Hill mine is in an even more inaccessible location, so inconveniently situated that once the winter sets in travel between there and La Porte is anything but an agreeable thing. Watty doesn't mind the snow—that indifference is a trait inherited from his Swiss ancestors—so for several months in the year he is the principal link in communications between the mine and La Porte.

Watty is owned by Fulton W. Copp of the Sierra Nevada Mining Corporation. There are rough- and smooth-coated St. Bernards, and he is of the smooth-coated variety. The two varieties, except for length of hair, are identical. The original St. Bernards, as bred at the Hospice of St. Bernard in the Swiss Alps, are of the smooth-coat type, and snow is less bothersome to them.

Like the famous Swiss dog, Watty carries a brandy keg in his trips over the snow. The keg is a present from Fulton Watson, of Beverly Hills, California, after whom the dog is named. It was imported from Switzerland and holds one liter of California brandy. The idea is that Watty may some day come across a wayfarer lost in the snow, whose life the brandy may be the means of saving.

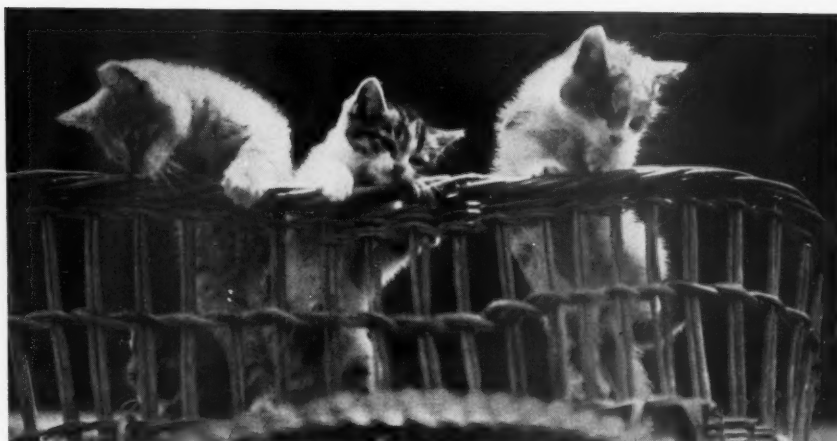
Watty starts on his fourteen-mile trip to La Porte every Saturday at 6.30 in the morning. His lunch and the outgoing mail are strapped to his back. All roads are closed and skis are the only other means of transportation. The mine is at an elevation of 6,200 feet, and the trip to La Porte, all down hill, is made by Watty in about three hours.

Watty is a favorite in La Porte and often visits several of his friends there. After a rest and lunch, and as soon as the mail that has been two days on the way from Marysville has been sorted, Watty is again packed and ready for the return. This trip calls for a 1,600 foot climb in fourteen miles. The return trip usually takes six hours, but once, in a blizzard, it took twenty-two.

Life for Watty is not all work. He spends much time in being scratched and absorbing heat and enormous quantities of food. He is quite a practical joker and when the Sunday afternoon ski parties are taking place he enjoys himself hugely, tripping up everyone he can.

He weighs 165 pounds and is 34 inches tall. He has made four trips by train to Los Angeles, away at the other end of the state, and has been a guest of the navy aboard the U. S. S. Dallas.

Do not fail to provide plenty of fresh water for your animals in hot weather.



Cats as I Know Them

FLORENCE TUCKER OSMUN

LIKE animals. As George Eliot said: "Animals pass no criticisms and ask no questions." Probably that's why they appeal! I am, however, particularly fond of cats, and I'm not an old maid either! It may be that because I am of a turbulent nature myself I find the cat my talisman of tranquility. Cats somehow sense the fact that I am their friend. It has been proved. In a room full of people a cat has entered, made a mental survey, and promptly walked over and settled itself upon my lap. It knew it was welcome. Cats are selective.

I am never without a tabby. As I sit here writing, my favorite "Old Gray" reposes on my desk. I've had him for years. He is my inspiration, and I really think he considers himself the mascot of my endeavors. Furthermore, he never upsets my ink bottle, nor sets pens and pencils rolling down the desk to the floor. He finds his place with one graceful leap, and then sits poised and beautiful like the great stone lions in front of the New York public library.

Cats lazy, you say? Well, perhaps. I must confess I once saw mine indifferently watching the mice play. I did hold it up against him just a bit but I rather like to think that he is a patriotic cat and works under the big N. R. A., taking proper time off. I saw an expression on his face that day as much as to say, "Go as far as you like, I'm off duty."

Cats have strong emotions. Particularly jealousy. One time a stray feline arrived at my door, bringing with it a tiny new-born kitten, which it deposited beside my kitchen range. Presently she returned with three more, and before I knew it, I had a whole family of cats to house! I hadn't the heart to turn them away. They looked so helpless. Very well. But Old Gray objected, and after inspecting the intruders, promptly made a quick, indignant exit. He did not come home for two long months. I was desperately unhappy about it. At the end of that time, he stalked in one day, marched up to my room, greeted me warmly, and then proceeded to the kitchen. He viewed conditions, and upon observing that his rightful place was still usurped, immediately disappeared with a chip on his shoulder for two more months. I was too late to overtake him, but

made up my mind then and there to part with Old Gray's rival and her kittens, which I did. Soon after, he returned and curled up contentedly on the hearth. He has never left me since.

In a rating of creatures on a graduated scale, the cat has been placed tenth in an intelligence appraisal. It is smart enough to suit me, however, and I prefer it to other animals as a pet whose intelligence quotient is greater—particularly the chimpanzee or elephant! Cats are intuitive. Listen to this. A cat I owned one time named "Mittens" (because the end of each paw was snow-white) would always warn me of serious danger by parading across my chest if I were asleep or lying down, to attract my attention. One particular experience stands out in memory. At two o'clock one morning, I was aroused suddenly, having a sensation of depression. Upon opening my eyes, I beheld Mittens parading across my chest. "What's up?" I asked anxiously. She led me downstairs. To my horror, I could plainly see that my rooms had been thoroughly ransacked—everything topsy-turvy—and, as I glanced at my library window, I was terror stricken to see two thieves making a hasty retreat! I gave my pussy an extra portion of liver for his timely warning.

When I went to Europe, I recall that as we walked down the gang-plank there darted in and out between everyone's legs a large and shiny black cat. It went somewhere. Nobody saw or cared just where, nor paid any attention to the scurrying feline. But when the steamer was about to start on its return trip, the very same cat was on hand at the appointed time, and wormed its way up the gang-plank, as if it had engaged passage like the rest. The purser told me afterward that this was a regular occurrence and that the black cat had been present on every trip, and, what's more, was never late! I like the routine and punctuality of cats.

Some one has said, "The cat—he is nobody's slave, he lives his own life." But he is not the introvert that he is sometimes represented to be. I have always found him unobtrusively companionable, and I like the silent dignity of a fine one. Cats are protective in their quiet, telepathic way. They are reposeful and inspire confidence.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office; 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1934

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for Our Dumb Animals are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Unsuitable for Children

CERTAIN films have been classified by the British Board of Film Censors as "horrific." The term is highly significant. Not long ago the Animal Defense Society in London urged that at places where such films were advertised for exhibition a notice should be placed bearing this information: "THIS FILM IS UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN."

We commend this to the attention of all Jack London Club members throughout the United States. At a time when the prevalence of crimes of violence constitutes so serious a problem, who will not agree that the animal films featuring cruelty, bloodshed and killing are exerting a pernicious and demoralizing influence upon children and adults alike, and are a contributing cause of the reign of lawlessness and crime?

In the "Cage of Fury"

Before an audience of 2,000 spectators Allan King, the notorious animal trainer of the Standard Oil's "Cage of Fury" at the World's Fair, was attacked by one of his Nubian lions. Choosing a moment when King's back was turned, the beast sprang from his pedestal and inflicted painful wounds upon his trainer. On Children's Day when thousands of youngsters were present another lion became so irritable and vicious from the noise and riot that he was shot. Why this latter was not reported in the press we can only surmise.

Restoration of Song Birds

The report of the President's Committee on Wild Life Restoration, of which Thomas H. Beck is chairman and Jay N. Darling, now Chief of the Biological Survey, is a member, which starts out with the use of \$25,000,000, contains an unprecedented endorsement of the need of restoration of song, insectivorous and ornamental birds. The statement of the Committee in regard to this must have the hearty approval of all conservationists.

The report says "the economic, inspirational, recreational, and spectacle value of these birds is incalculable."

—Massachusetts Audubon Bulletin

The Audubon Societies and Their Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary

WE published in the June issue an article under the above heading. The practical question raised by the article was "Is the National Association of Audubon Societies doing everything within its power to make that Sanctuary the best possible place for wild fowl, and avoiding to the utmost limit the necessity of the use of traps to protect it from muskrat, mink, raccoon and other fur-bearing animals?"

It is in justice to the Audubon Societies that space be given by us to a brief summary of a report by Dr. Robert K. Enders, who was asked to investigate the Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary some months ago. This summary follows.

Upon authorization of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Audubon Societies, the president requested the writer to undertake an investigation of conditions on the Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary in Louisiana. Beginning on December 18, work was carried on through December 26.

To comprehend the problem one must visualize an area that is very large and, within certain limits, diverse. Moreover, vegetational cycles induced by meteorological conditions are further complicated by the inter-relations of the fauna and flora. As the writer viewed the situation, the problem appeared to be to maintain maximum conditions for the wild fowl with existing funds and income.

At present empirical practices alone are possible. Fragmentary knowledge is all that anyone has of these marshlands. Moreover, what is true of a given area in one year may not be true the next. Each area is in some stage of a cycle.

It may be said that almost every stage of the vegetational cycle of the marshland is represented within the area.

Thus an area growing in "three-corner grass" one year may, following a dry season or two, grow the much less desirable salt grass or even be overrun by the "coffee bush." Similarly, a rapid increase in the number of muskrats may result in the destruction of the roots of the "three-corner grass" leaving an unproductive ooze to lie fallow until conditions again change.

On the Sanctuary muskrats occur chiefly in areas where there is little or no open water. The surface of the water may cover the base of the plants, or it may be below this level. In such a habitat the muskrats make use of a complex system of burrows. These burrows are under the mass of plant roots which make up the "floor" of the marsh and are, therefore, below water-level during normal seasons. In addition to these under-water passageways through the humus and muck, there are runways cut through the vegetation on the surface as well as some cut deep enough to be water-filled but still shallow enough to be considered as surface runways. As there are few places high enough for dry burrows the animals live in houses on the marsh. Entrance to these houses is through the deeper under-water passageways which may be termed plungeways, as it is thus that they are used.

Muskrats may affect the desirability of the Sanctuary as a wild fowl refuge in sev-

eral ways. They may compete for food they may destroy desirable food, they may increase the amount of food for the wild fowl by creating open water and they may attract carnivorous enemies of the wild fowl. Without becoming too involved it may be said that as far as direct competition for food is concerned the only competition is between muskrats and the blue and snow geese.

Muskrats may become so numerous as to eat up all of the roots of the "three-corner grass" reducing the area to a foul, semi-solid loblolly which supports nothing of value to wild life for several years. Levees used to retain water on lands in order to make it attractive to water fowl suffer from the activities of muskrats when, through the pressure of numbers, they are tunneled for burrows and nests. Bearing in mind that the reproductive capacity of the muskrat is unbelievably great whenever suitable conditions are found, the conclusion that some control is necessary if the suitable conditions are to be maintained, is forced upon one.

Muskrats suffer from a number of diseases, a condition soon reflected by the decreased stamina of the animals, and it is under conditions of crowding and poor feeding that these diseases develop. Before long the animals would be the victims of an epizootic which would reduce their numbers to a pitiable fraction. The vegetation destroyed before the advent of the epizootic would be renewed again in several years and the cycle would begin again. In the meantime, however, valuable goose forage would have been destroyed. Yes, nature is able to maintain a balance but her methods are very wasteful of wild life. Any other policy than that of control by trapping appears impractical in the light of our present knowledge.

The most destructive of all wild life is the mink. Audubon declared that the mink subsists principally upon clapper rails, seaside sparrows, and sharp-tailed sparrows. As is well known, ducks suffer from its attacks.

Since control must be undertaken, the problem of how this control is to be exercised is pertinent. Until some better method is evolved, trapping is probably the best way.

The trap now being used on the Sanctuary kills about 90% of the muskrats captured. One long line set by an expert trapper over which the writer traveled showed kills of 94%. This is a remarkable record when compared to the usual practice elsewhere.

The writer's observations on trap lines and the habits and habitat of the goose have left a strong impression that very few if any geese are taken in steel traps on the Sanctuary.

In conclusion it is only fair to state that the marshes, from the least attractive to the best, show the result of skilful management. To judge by the results, the object has been to make the Sanctuary as attractive to wild fowl as the condition of the lands and the facilities permit.

(Signed) ROBERT K. ENDERS

The awful wrongs and sufferings forced upon the innocent, helpless, faithful animal race, form the blackest chapter in the whole world's history.

E. A. FREEMAN



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868
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MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers	12,837
Cases investigated	523
Animals examined	5,513
Animals placed in homes	66
Lost animals restored to owners	22
Number of prosecutions	5
Number of convictions	3
Horses taken from work	36
Horses humanely put to sleep	31
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,876
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	46,984
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	16

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Frederic A. Bissell of Brookline, and Frances E. Pendexter of Chelsea.

July 10, 1934.

A Rest and Boarding Farm for Horses is maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen. Only \$3.50 pays the expense of a week's vacation for some deserving horse.

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HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	751	Cases	2,650
Dogs	588	Dogs	2,208
Cats	147	Cats	366
Birds	9	Birds	60
Monkeys	3	Horses	8
Horses	2	Rats	3
Sheep	2	Turtles	2
		Goat	1
		Sheep	1
		Monkey	1

Operations 934

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915	120,945
Dispensary Cases	280,484
Total	401,429

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	116
Cases entered in Dispensary	360
Operations	168

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Some Prosecutions in June

A farmer who was the owner of two dogs was charged with cruelly overloading and beating them. He had yoked them in harness with bridles and bits, and was using them in plowing his field when the temperature was near 90°. Defendant pleaded not guilty. The Court took notice that in some countries dogs are used for work but considered the use of bits in the excessive heat was sufficient cruelty to warrant a finding of guilty. The defendant was given a suspended sentence of thirty days and put on probation for two years.

For driving a pair of horses that were afflicted with gall sores under harness, a defendant pleaded guilty. He was fined \$50, which was suspended for one year.

For permitting a dog to be subjected to unnecessary cruelty and suffering in a hit-and-run case, the driver of the car pleaded *nolo*. He was fined \$20 and given a week's time to pay the fine.

J. W. Young, Bismarck, Illinois, who buys horses and mules throughout a 150-mile radius in central Illinois and Indiana, reports that it is his observation that farmers have definitely gone back to horses for farm work and the predominant desire of most farmers today is to raise as many colts as they can at the earliest possible moment to take care of their future replacement needs.

For Animal Welfare

Springfield Branch Presents Fine Program With Many Attractions

JUNE DAY," arranged by the Women's Auxiliary of the Springfield Branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was observed on the beautiful and spacious estate of Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Denault of Longmeadow. The occasion brought an attendance of fully 2,000 who were attracted by a program in the interests of animal welfare. Many colorful events marked the festivities during the long afternoon of entertainment, in which some of the special features are noteworthy. Dessert bridge was enjoyed at sixty tables located on an upper terrace under the shade trees, followed by an English May pageant near the Japanese garden, featuring folk dancing and presented by community players.

The exhibition horsemanship events in six classes brought out many socially prominent lady riders. Of paramount interest also was the pet animal show in which more than one hundred dogs, numerous other animals and birds were entered. All were judged and prizes and honors awarded.

Mrs. John Whittenmore Harris was general chairman for the affair, assisted by officers, members of the ways and means committee, committee chairmen and members of the Auxiliary. The officers assisting included Mrs. Donald C. Kibbe, president; Mrs. George A. Bacon, vice-president; Mrs. Dwight W. Ellis, Mrs. M. F. Peterson, and Mrs. William M. Hubbard of Holyoke, directors. Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Angell Memorial Hospital, Boston, assisted in judging the horses and pets.

The affair was one of the best attended and most successful given in support of animal welfare, and far surpassed the expectations of the committees in the interest shown. Proceeds will be added to the treasury of the Women's Auxiliary of the Springfield branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and will be used in behalf of animals in that city and vicinity.

Water for Work-Horses

Five watering stations for horses were opened in Boston on June 26 by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. During the torrid days that immediately followed they afforded indispensable relief to working animals many times a day. An attendant is present daily at each station to assist in giving water to all comers and the service is free. So long as drinking fountains and running water for animals are disallowed in the city it is upon these relief stations that work-horses must now rely. To fail them would entail great suffering. Contributions for the support of this service will be gratefully received.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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Miss Helen S. Cooper

THE Gloucester County District S. P. C. A., Woodbury, N. J., is mourning the loss of Miss Helen S. Cooper, for many years secretary and treasurer of the Society, who died last April. Through her tireless efforts the work of the Society went forward until it was considered one of the most active in New Jersey. Miss Cooper was instrumental in organizing the federation known as the Associated Humane Workers of Southern New Jersey, which exerts a strong influence throughout the state.

An order banning monkey meat from Canton restaurants informs the Chinese that "monkeys possess many of the traits" exhibited by men. The monkeys are said to appreciate the protective intent of the order while resenting its wording.

—*Christian Science Monitor*

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



Pittsburgh Man Saved by Dog

Fire broke out in the building where Eugene Miller, blind, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was working. His one pleasure and fortune is his "Seeing Eye" dog, "Billie." When danger from fire became apparent the dog set forth calmly to direct his master to the stairway and to the street. This is but one of a number of acts in which this dog has rescued his master from danger.

The picture shows Secretary W. F. H. Wentzel of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society presenting Mr. Miller with a humane award in the form of a dog collar with chrome plate giving name of dog, address, and the facts of the life-saving event.

Bull-fights in Portugal

WE are glad to learn from Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton, our foreign representative in Funchal, Madeira, that the S. P. C. A. there had a busy year, particularly in its animal hospital. The Society succeeded in preventing the introduction of cock-fights which unscrupulous people tried to hold in Madeira.

Writing of the barbarous forms of sport which threaten to get the upper hand in various countries, Mrs. Houghton writes:

"The worst of all is the great blow that has been struck the humanitarian work of years here in Portugal, inasmuch as last month the law prohibiting the "Touro de Morte" (the bull-fight in which the bull is killed), has been revoked. The Societies P. C. A. have thereby received a severe blow. For some time past the Lisbon Society has been fighting this proposal, tooth and nail. They have done most energetic and splendid work. Protests have been sent in, signed by thousands of people, among which the intelligensia, and spiritual élite of Portugal, take a prominent place. A new law forbidding this much more barbarous form of sport, was passed only as recently as 1928, and signed by the president of the Republic of Portugal, General Carmona, who still is president. It would be well that the fact that this law has been passed in Portugal were to become known in the outside world. Hitherto the bull-fights in Portugal were of not quite so brutal a character, as the bull was not actually killed.

"Many facts about bull-fights are not known in the outside world. One, for instance, that the horses used, are, in the interests of cleanliness in the arena, not given food and water for 48 hours before they are exhibited. The thirst they suffer from in those hot climates, I am told, is indescribable. Small children are habitually taken to these shows."

Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

The Mass. S. P. C. A. also is raising a fund for employees incapacitated for work.

American Fondouk, Fez,
Morocco

Report for May, 1934 — 31 Days

	24.3	Francs
Daily average large animals		
Forage for same		1080.50
Daily average dogs	7.2	
Forage for same		36.25
Large animals humanely put to sleep	7	49.00
Transportation		1902.00
Wages, groomers, etc.		1394.50
Inspector's wages		434.00
Superintendent's salary		2400.00
Assistant's salary		1250.00
Veterinary's salary		400.00
Motor allowance		250.00
Sundries		880.50
		7767.75
		or \$517.85
	at Frs. 15.00 to the dollar.	

Monthly Report of Capt. J. Assistant and Inspector on native foudous, the markets for animals held twice weekly, and distances walked throughout the Souks and the Medina, the Mellah, the Ville Nouvelle, where are the Police Headquarters, and the Batha Division. Kilometers travelled, 311; cases investigated, 814; animals seen, 9,603; animals treated, 3,094; animals transferred, 25.

SUPT.'S NOTES: The Inspector traveled 311 kilometers, nearly 200 miles. A striking proof of the distances which separate the various sections of Fez. Animals in the Medina housed with their owners are in May and June in good condition, generally speaking, as they get good green forage in the fields where they are taken out in the morning to work, returning in the evening.

"Sonny" of Orange Trail

CALVIN W. WALKER

SOMETIMES I think it is strange the way we speak of "Sonny." There is a kind of softness creeps into our voices when we get to talking about him, and I wonder sometimes if other people can feel as we do. Folks will listen when we tell them about Sonny, and ask one or two questions—though that isn't always a test of real interest. But a few have had that peculiar, tender light-of-understanding in their eyes, as if they could feel as we do. I've always felt someone ought to have paid a little tribute to him, and though I don't really feel qualified to do him justice, it looks as if the memorial is up to me.

Sonny was just a fledgling hen-hawk when we found him on the Orange Trail north of Cardigan Mountain. He made a clumsy, ruffled attempt to escape, like a mother pheasant feigning a broken wing—but he was easily captured. Left in the undergrowth during the coming night, there would have been little likelihood of his seeing another day. Foxes, skunks and numerous other predatory creatures of that wild country would have made a simple ending to his ostracism.

We carried him home tenderly, carefully folding down his wings. I remember yet how those wide-awake eyes had a fierce glare in them, as if Nature had made that his earliest means of protection. Even his cruel talons, unused as yet to grappling with enemy or prey, foretold the day when they would be an adequate means of defense.

We put him on the screened-in side piazza, protected and yet not confined. From that day every one in the family took a special interest in Sonny. I think if we had given it a thought, we would have had a premonition that our new friend would only be with us a short while. The call of his own wild folk, once he could leave the piazza, would lead him away. But we happily found he was fond of liver, and kept him well nourished. Almost blissfully, we watched him gain in poise day by day. The wings that had beaten so uselessly on the Orange Trail, now began to "take hold."

A discarded rocker from the shed provided Sonny's first perch. To our horror he sometimes had such poor judgment that he overshot the chair and landed against the screen like a violently-thrown feather duster. But this painful process was fortunately not often repeated.

None of us can tell of the day we gathered to see him return to the wild without a sort of throaty feeling. It always seemed to me like going to the steamer with an old friend bound for retirement in a foreign land. The day was beautifully warm, with that almost constant rasping of the locusts. Sonny was set upon the ground, while we encircled him widely, eagerly awaiting his decision. It was not long in coming. Without so much as a glance, he nodded his head, squatted quickly, and was off through the oaks like a veteran.

I know that I half said good-bye. It might seem as if I were over-sentimental about Sonny's going. Anyway, the rest of the family didn't talk much that day after he left.

It must have been close to five-thirty the next morning. At least, there wasn't a

great deal of daylight. Something was making a considerable noise outside the house. You'd think it was a fire drill, the way everyone reached the stairs in a line. Sure enough, Sonny was back.

He dropped onto father's outstretched, dressing-gown covered arm for a wiggling fish in his fingers. I noticed those claws bit into his arm—but he didn't. Sonny took to the blue again, when he had breakfasted, and the fire drill went in. Somehow, no one went back to bed that morning.

It was that way for nearly two weeks. Sonny came and went at his leisure. But he made a bad call one day.

I don't think he intended any harm. But a hawk is a hawk to a farmer. Sonny stopped on a neighbor's barn and was looking over the chickens. They shot him. It was easy enough to do, I guess, for he had learned to trust people. But the farmer didn't know that.

Some of the folks listen with shining eyes when we tell about Sonny. But I don't get sentimental and tell them that I feel he is soaring happily through some ultramundane kingdom of cloudless blue.

Traits of the Goldfinch

While the goldfinch goes south in winter he comes back early in April, frequently returning in flocks of twenty-five or more. On last April 15 I saw a flock of possibly thirty in the top of a huge elm tree, singing and picking at its swelling shoots. The goldfinch nests in low, dense bushes, thick weeds and tall grasses, sometimes near human habitation. It is fond of weed-seeds and is partial to catnip, both to its seeds and leaves. In fact, it prefers to nest near where catnip abounds. Those who wish the company of this beautiful bird should plant plenty of catnip on their premises. It is also fond of hopping around among the roses and pecking away at the insects that infest the rosebush. The goldfinch is not noted for its singing ability but it makes up for it in beauty. It is self-reliant, independent, and will survive as it is one of Nature's fittest.

WILLIS MEHANNA

"Byng" of Bowdoin

Brunswick, Maine

June 5, 1934

My dear Dr. Rowley:

In the June issue of *Our Dumb Animals* I was very much interested in the article on "Kurt" of Lindenwood. May I call to your attention the fact that *another college president*, President Kenneth C. M. Sills, of Bowdoin College, is a dear lover of dogs and paid a wonderful tribute to his black cocker spaniel, which I am quoting below.

"Byng," the black cocker spaniel who for the many years has been so well known to the members of the College, died shortly before Christmas and has honored sepulture in the garden of 85 Federal Street. For the past decade he had been a constant attendant at college functions, a frequent visitor at class, and at examinations had often added 'the canine touch.' He had been present at trustees' meetings and had welcomed many distinguished visitors both at 85 Federal Street and in the College office. He had helped his mistress and his master entertain more than fifteen hundred freshmen and more than nine hundred seniors. He knew the proprieties, too; he had the distinction of being the only dog in Brunswick ever to attend a chapel service. He had all the virtues of his breed, intelligence, gentleness tempered by a proper pugnacity, loyalty and affection. Though he reached, for a dog, the great age of more than fifteen years, his passing to the happy hunting ground made a very real blank in his household; and he will long be missed about the College."

May I add a personal word. I want to tell you how much I appreciate the kind care that has been given my Doberman pinscher, "Hansi von Musenbach," and my little Irish terrier, "Tess," at your hospital when they have been left in your care on my western trips. I shall hope to avail myself of other opportunities in the future. The greatest courtesy has been shown to me there when I have called. Yours very sincerely,

(Mrs.) CLARA D. HAYES

Secretary of the College



"BYNG," LATE PET OF PRESIDENT SILLS OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE

Bob White

CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

*When golden days are on the wane,
And crisp leaves strew the winding lane;
I hear your cheerful call again,
Bob White!*

*It's such a friendly, buoyant note
That issues from your feathered throat;
Now seeming near—and now remote:—
Bob White!*

*Though skies be gray and winter near;
Amid the gloom one still may hear
From hidden ways your note of cheer:—
Bob White!*

*Fields may be brown and woodlands bare,
With hint of snow in frosty air,
But little do you seem to care—
Bob White!*

*When fled are robin, thrush and wren,
And chill flakes fall on marsh and fen;
Still sounds your call from sheltered glen:—
Bob White!*

*I like your philosophic view!
Serene, though skies be bleak, or blue!
So, from your note I'll take my cue—
Bob White!*

The Amiable Woodchuck

ALAN DEVOE

THERE is to me something profoundly pleasing about a woodchuck. In all the creatures of the field there is no other that has quite the same round-paunched pudginess, no other that seems to have quite that corpulent tranquility of woodchucks. Woodchucks—for all that they are hunted relentlessly by all my farmer neighbors—preserve an air of unruffled placidity. It is as though they have cultivated an inner inviolable calm, as though their life among the clover-blossoms and the somnolently buzzing bumblebees had given them a perpetual peaceful contentment which nothing less than a natural cataclysm could dispel.

In that part of up-state New York where I live it is impossible to walk a mile without meeting woodchucks, and I derive an endless delight from contact with these furry field-neighbors. They bob up from behind boulders to stare at me as I pass, or scurry behind the old stone walls at my approach, only to pop out again in a moment, overcome by their insatiable woodchuckian curiosity. Occasionally I see them scampering across broad stretches of barren pasture, but never do they seem to be really agitated, never do they have that quivering nervousness of most wild creatures. They are as like as not to come to a sudden halt in the very middle of such a pasture and sit imperturbably in full view, sniffing at the buttercups and yarrow. Woodchucks are the symbol of endless leisure and endless amiability. It is as though they had managed to extract from the old field-roots among which they tunnel their burrows, from the smell of the grasses and clover-blossoms and rain-wet meadows, some ancient earth-secret of perpetual calm, and were thus immune to all the frets and worries that harass their fellow-creatures. I am extremely fond of woodchucks.

Do not abandon pets in vacation.

A Famous Insect Musician

MAUDE WOOD HENRY

IN late July or early August, when the insect orchestra gives its daily afternoon and evening concerts, you will hear, above all of the tiny fiddlers and fifers, the drummers and tambourinists and zoboists, the strident notes of the "lyreman" or cicada, which, it is said, carry at least a mile.

The loudest of these little instrumentalists, the cicada, is also the most famous. Down the centuries come stories of how the early Greeks prized this insect, whose music was likened to that of the harp. One anecdote tells of a heated contest between two rival musicians, one of whom snapped a string. His defeat, however, was turned to triumph when a cicada promptly took its place. These old Greeks kept cicadas in cages for their pleasure, gave them for presents, wore their images on jewelry, and, when a favorite died, made a charming epitaph for its tomb.

So, instead of stopping your ears when the cicada smites them with his buzzing crescendo this summer, think of how great a musician he is, and consider that he makes all the uproar on a "harp" attached to his own person. The delicate apparatus which furnishes the "lyreman's" music seems incapable of producing such volume, and little enough like a harp, if you investigate it.

Perhaps, while you are watching him, the cicada's musical career will be suddenly and tragically ended. If a digger wasp comes along and spies him in his tree-top, as is often the case, he is quite certain to pounce upon him and carry him off to his burrow. Cicada meat is a favorite dish with young diggers in the larva stage. It is a piteous struggle which is made by the lyreman, who, though much larger than his captor, is no match for him. One cry of distress as the rapier pierces his body and the musician is paralyzed, never again to perform for us on his queer little instrument.

The cicada of our northern states has still another name, that of dog-day harvest-fly. He is supposed to be an annual species, the larva living in the ground only nine or ten months of the year. When he casts off his swaddling clothes, after the manner of cicadas, he is a grown-up, leaving behind him for us to remember him by after the summer concerts are over, the tight fitting garment that he wriggled out of en route to the concert stage. Life being short he makes the most of it, buzzing away at the top of his bent for his lady's edification if not our own.

In Japan, as well as in ancient Greece, the cicada has long ranked high among insect musicians. Imprisoned in the tiniest of cages, made from bamboo or wire and representing a house-boat, a lantern, a pagoda or a box, the cicada leaves his tree-top for the market-place. There he is featured, together with the cricket and the grasshopper fiddlers, and a live trade is carried on by their vendors. Many of the city shops also deal in these "singing insects" as the Japanese style the musicians.

Japanese children capture the cicadas in tiny nets hung at the end of long poles and keep these pets as American children do their canaries. At the annual "Festival of the Singing Insects," though, the cage doors



A CICADA PLAYS HIS LYRE

are swung wide and the little prisoners are given their freedom, or what remains of it before they must die.

To an American a caged cicada, grasshopper or cricket seems rather absurd, but the Japanese have ears attuned to insect harmonies, and one may hear the delighted buyer of a rare "singer" boasting of his find, or see, among the boxes and bundles of a homeward-bound visitor, one of these minute cages, the occupant gaily performing on his instrument as he is hurried along.

Societies' Annuity Bonds

MANY men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill in the coupon and mail it now. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or) The American Humane Education Society 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address
City State

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Blue Jay

ANNE ALTHA SINGLETON

*Perhaps you are immoral—
A cannibal of birds—
Yet your blue is worthy
A eulogy of words.*

*A very scrap of Heaven
Caught upon a tree;
Cerulean robe and crown
Make you wonderful to see!*

Babies That Shrink

MORRY TANENBAUM

WHAT would you think of babies which are larger when they are babies than when they are full grown? Strange as it must seem, there are quite a few animals where the babies are giants compared to the same babies grown-up.

In South America you can find a frog which is only about two inches long. Yet, the tadpoles of this frog often reach a length of ten inches! Most of the tadpole is tail, but it is actually five times the size of its parents or the size it will reach when it has become a frog! As soon as the tadpole is as big as it can get, it starts to shrink using the extra size which is only stored-up food! At last it changes to the long-legged frog it really is, adopting its family colors of gorgeous greens, yellows, browns and bronze.

Young gannets are frequently a quarter again as heavy as their parents. But when the mother and father birds decide to leave their young so that they can learn to shift for themselves, the birds have very little to eat. Without someone to bring them their food, they lose weight and slowly shrink, though all this time they are gaining in health, in strength and in wisdom. At last they are strong enough to fly out to sea where they can meet the rest of the members of their tribe.

Many creatures are small just after they change from one stage to another. Thus we find that the bull-frog is just a tiny little thing which hardly seems to have come from such a large tadpole. But, the bull-frog starts to grow and it does not take very long before it is far bigger than its tadpole.

The babies of our common eels reach a length of a little over two inches. They are shaped like long leaves and are very thin and transparent. As soon as they reach their full size, they start to shrink and become cylindrical. They begin to show their real color and shrink still more. However, they are now full-fledged eels and they enter the rivers after which they really start growing, reaching the length of the other members of the eel family.

The measure of our civilization is our response to the cry for justice and compassion, let it come from what source it may.



TRIO OF JUVENILE KINGBIRDS

The Strange and Beneficial Bat

RAYMONDE. MOORE

FEW creatures, with the exception of domestic animals, render a more valuable service to mankind than the common bat. And there is perhaps no creature that displays more peculiar habits, or which boasts of a more strange and mysterious existence.

Many people regard a bat as belonging to the bird family, but this is an error. The bat is a true mammal, but in general form is so distinctly separated from any other group of animals as to form a class by itself. Its chief peculiarity is the wide, semi-transparent and extremely delicate membrane which stretches round its body, by means of which it is able to beat the air with sufficient force to insure rapid flight. Another peculiarity is the short and slender legs which are so arranged that the feet are rather turned outward for the purpose of using the sharp curved claws with which each toe is furnished, and by means of which the animal can suspend itself from any projecting object.

This strange creature always takes up its abode in some dark and retired spot, an old abandoned building or tower affording an ideal place of concealment. Here it remains during the day, emerging from its retreat at dusk. It is gregarious, large numbers assembling together in one building. During the winter it remains in a state of the deepest lethargy, requiring no food or water, and even almost wholly ceasing to breathe.

Bats are very swift and accurate flyers, and there are few birds more supple on the wing than they. How they are able to thread their way among boughs of trees and other impediments in the dark is quite wonderful indeed. The most dense darkness doesn't seem to interfere with the aerial maneuvers of these strange creatures. It is said that if shut up in a darkened place, in which strings have been stretched in various directions, they will pursue their course, avoiding every obstacle with unflinching accuracy.

Bats are in general very much averse to the ground and seldom place themselves on a level surface. Their manner of walking is singularly grotesque and awkward, and is achieved with such difficulty as to seem almost painful to them.

While these strange creatures have the power of rising into the air from the ground, the same as a bird, they always prefer to let themselves fall from some elevated spot. They are most excellent climbers, being able to hitch their sharp and curved claws into the tiniest crack or roughness that may present itself, and can thus ascend a perpendicular wall with perfect security. In climbing, they always advance backwards, raising their bodies against the wall which they desire to scale, and drawing themselves up by the alternate use of the hind feet. Once they have attained a goodly height, they are able to fling themselves into the air and take to immediate flight.

Another most interesting and peculiar characteristic of the bats is the manner in which they take care of their young. It appears that the tail and the membrane which stretches on either side from the tail to the hind legs, are made into a sort of cradle, and here the little bats are placed when newly born and helpless, and tenderly reared by the mother.

Bats derive their living totally from the insects which they capture upon the wing. They are like the swallow in the efficient and dexterous manner in which they obtain their winged prey. Indeed, a curious analogy exists between the two species. Both are lovers of the air, and both are mostly seen on the wing; and no sooner have the swallows retired to rest at dusk, than the bats emerge from their homes, and resume, with the same tireless energy, the unceasing labor of depleting the insect population. The only difference between them, it seems, is that the swallows migrate in winter to a more genial clime, while the bats, although in a state of hibernation, remain with us.



NEW ZEALAND GANNETS

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and fifty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported during June. Of these, 220 were in Illinois, 115 in Massachusetts, 94 in Rhode Island, 72 in New Hampshire, 38 in Georgia, nine in Newfoundland, and one each in California, Colorado and New York.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 203,136

The Koalas of Australia

ALICE PARK

AUSTRALIA contains the original animals of which the Teddy bear toys are imitations. Many people think the toys are only toys and are greatly surprised to discover the koala bears, natives of Australia. They are not true bears but are marsupials. In a reservation near Sydney, they live in the happy surroundings of many acres, free to roam and to climb the trees. There are no cages, and the place is not a zoo. Two men are taking great pains to preserve what are left of the koalas.

There are about 70 koalas, every one with a name, every one an individual pet of the seven men who take care of them and keep them provided with the leaves they require for food. They have known only kind treatment all their lives and are tamer than kittens. Their size is somewhat larger than that of cats, with fuzzy coats and affectionate manners. They prefer sitting in the forks of trees, but are entirely willing to be handled by tourists. They give a great deal of pleasure to visitors. "Adorable" is only one of the adjectives applied to them. They are so amusing to look at, that I smile as I write about them, and smile again each time I discover again a picture of them among my papers. Kindness to koala bears has resulted in much pleasure for many people, as well as comfort for the little animals.



A DROLL AND DELIGHTFUL PET

Guinea Pigs Teach Kindness

CLELLAN PRIEST

FIFTEEN guinea pigs went to school in Springfield last winter but they went to teach rather than to learn. They taught the great lesson of kindness to animals to the children in Grades 1, 2 and 3, and the results, according to Miss Dorothea Clark,



nature study supervisor for the Springfield public school system, were pleasingly evident from the first.

The children literally took their little animal guests to their hearts and vied with each other in bringing tid-bits, sharing apples and caring for their tiny visitors. The guinea-pig's comfortable home, built by pupils in the manual training classes, occupied a prominent place in the class-room.

The boys and girls were encouraged to watch the animal closely, to draw him, to write about him, and in that way they came to think about him and the obligations boys and girls owe in care for their animal companions.

Both Miss Clark and the teachers who assisted in this unique educational project are confident that many children thus acquired a new viewpoint of animals, seeing them as something to be cared for and cherished, rather than chased and teased.

Over a period of years the Springfield schools have sought to interest students in the care and study of animals through the presence of pets as guests in the class-rooms. There have been rabbits, kittens, small dogs, white mice, turtles and almost every other kind of childhood pet one can imagine on this list of animal visitors. But they brought complications. There was always the sense of personality resulting from child ownership of the pet, and the larger animals are not always easily handled with a large class.

Then the Park Department came forward with the offer of a loan of guinea pigs. The manual training classes promptly built simple but practical wire-netted boxes, and Miss Clark planned for their distribution. Allocation was not a simple problem for the thirty-two schools to be reached. Miss Clark prepared a schedule under which the fifteen guinea pigs available were to tour Grades 1, 2 and 3, spending two weeks in each

class-room. The teachers assumed the responsibility of transferring the little animals from one room to another and between buildings.

And so it came about that the Park Department's guinea pigs became better teachers than even Miss Clark had hoped for.

John Burroughs' Little Helpers

AESTELLE P. MESSINGER

EVERYONE knows of the love which John Burroughs had for birds and flowers, but few, perhaps, of his intense love for dogs and the important part they played in his work as a naturalist. It is said that nothing in nature could touch him so deeply as they. True it is that dogs were his constant companions from early boyhood on throughout his long and famous career.

On the Burroughs' Dairy Farm in John's childhood, all the dogs as they succeeded one another were named "Cuff." John would always call Cuff and together they would do the tasks assigned to him. Perhaps it would be to hunt a stray sheep in the mountains or pick stones. At other times they were free to take long jaunts across the meadows and into the wood—a thing they both loved to do. The dog would run ahead, sniffing and ferreting out the things in nature which the boy already loved to observe and study. Maybe it would be a woodchuck, a squirrel, or a bird.

In the years that followed his life on the farm, there were many dogs to share the work of the naturalist, but perhaps his most favorite ones were "Rab," "Rosemary," "Laddie" and "Lark." As each one passed from his life, which, strange to say, nearly always happened in a most tragic way, he felt that they could never be replaced. But soon another would find its way to his heart and trudge along by his side; one with a different personality, but none the less lovable.

John Burroughs gives a lot of credit for his work to his dogs. In speaking of the "Idyl of the Honey Bee" and "Notes of a Walker," he says, "They are as much my dog Lark's as my own." This is easily understood when we read a description of one of their trips, which was typical of those taken with all his dogs: "Lark and I went on a long walk in the woods today and found the nests of a robin, a kingbird, a bush sparrow, a hawk and a gray squirrel, and started a rabbit from her form. Besides Lark had a tussel with a mink and the mink got away. . . . All the landscapes for miles and miles around we have read over and over as two boys read a story book. No forest or nook or retreat but knew us many times." In the winter the trips continued, often through snow knee-deep. Then it would be necessary for the master to carry the dog on his shoulder, for Lark was a little fellow.

One of the things which John Burroughs envied in dogs is their adventurous spirit. They are "always ready to go, full of fun and holiday spirit, and always searching for something new." He found them such desirable companions, too, because when he wished to be silent they would not disturb him, and at other times, they were interested in whatever he did.

"The most wonderful thing about a dog," says Burroughs, "is not his intelligence, but his capacity for loving. The more you love your dog, the more he will love you."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Bird in the Clock

ALICE B. WILLIAMSON

*I never liked a bird in a cage,
Or animals in a zoo,
But I loved the bird in the oldtime clock
That said: "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"*

*I used to sit and gaze for hours,
And wonder how it knew
Just when it ought to burst that door
And say: "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"*

*It was a very clever bird,
And it was funny, too,
For it always looked right straight at me
And said: "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"*

A Pet Weasel

MARGARET SHELTON

MANY persons who have had experience with animals will tell you that a weasel cannot be tamed; that, though small, he is too wild and fierce ever to make friends with man.

The experiences of Alan Howard, a woodsman of British Columbia, disproves this, and shows that even the savage little weasel will respond to kindness. Having noticed signs of the animal about the cabin, Mr. Howard placed a piece of raw meat on the porch. The weasel, watching from behind the wood-pile, would not approach until the man entered the house. Then the meat disappeared as if by magic. After a few days Mr. Howard left the door open a couple of inches and placed the meat just inside. The weasel screwed up his courage, put on a little more speed, and continued to escape with the prize. Gradually the weasel's fear decreased, until he would come in and snatch a bit of meat from the toe of Mr. Howard's shoe while the man held up a paper as though he were reading.

From this the intimacy progressed. The little animal became so tame that he would sit on Mr. Howard's shoulder and lick his ear, and take food from his hand. In the evening a faint scratching on the door would inform Mr. Howard that his pet wanted to come in. When admitted, the weasel would dart under the stove, and from there carefully survey the room before taking any chances. When a stranger called, the animal remained out of sight. One evening Mr. Howard discovered his pet drinking soapy water from the wash pan. He immediately offered some clear water, but the animal rejected it, and went back to the soap-suds.

When spring came, a little brown stripe started at the end of the weasel's nose. Day after day, as the weasel sat on his knee, Mr. Howard watched that stripe lengthen and broaden until it reached the animal's tail. Then it was about half an inch wide at the shoulders. Gradually widening, it spread down his sides until he was all brown except a little white under his throat. Though it is not generally known, the weasel changes from white to brown in the spring and back to white in the fall.

With the disappearance of the snow, the weasel left, probably going to a higher altitude where it was cooler. But in the following autumn he returned, and resumed his friendship with the woodsman. They ate supper from the same table every day and spent the evenings together.



"Gyp," Well-Known Dog of Oregon

H. E. BROWN

GYP," as he was commonly known throughout the Williamette valley, Oregon, was given more front page positions in Oregon newspapers than perhaps any dog in his class. Born in Silverton, Oregon, of unknown ancestry nearly a score of years ago, "Gyp" was kicked out of home by some misguided person, but met a friend, Mrs. George W. Davis, of Eugene, Oregon, through whose humanizing spirit he became popular in the valley.

When "Gyp" made his debut in the Oregon university town there was a great uproar, but afterwards everybody realized that his new mistress had a genius for value. "Gyp" was self-assured, capable, cautious and one hundred per cent dog. After years of happy home life, "Gyp" became decrepit and finally was crushed beneath the wheels of a truck. It was bitter, rising the next morning; the whole community was full of miserable, sullen darkness and sorrow.

It will appear foolish to some people that we should have gone to pieces over a little death. And I don't want to seem either sentimental or unbalanced. For I am neither. I have had a rough and tumble life which I should hardly have survived if I had not had a tough soul and a sense of humor. And I knew what had happened was the merest trifle in the sum total of the world's tragedies—an incident that was being enacted a hundred times a second, one might say a normal and essential item in the scheme of things. But, after all, in the life of "Dauntless Gyp" there is a lesson of human kindness and its results which merit earnest consideration.

Value of Pets in Child Training

EDWARD J. TUCKER

AW, gee, Mums!—I was only giving 'Beazer' the gristly bits."

The situation required careful handling. Of course we couldn't have Beazer disturbing our meals. On the other hand, we had given the terrier to Billy for many sound reasons, one of the most important being to develop in him the principle of unselfishness. Billy had developed it with a vengeance! He would rather go to bed without his supper, than let Beazer go hungry. We solved the problem by having the dog sent from the room, with instructions that he be given a juicy bone, as compensation for the indignity.

Joan and I have concluded there are many positive lessons to be taught children in a fascinating way, by placing them in complete charge of pets.

We began with Beazer. We had presented him to Billy with the understanding that he was to be responsible for Beazer's care. Within a few months we found the experiment so valuable from the point of view of child-training, that we decided to add more pets to our household. There followed in succession four rabbits and two guinea-pigs, in charge of Billy and Donald; and two canaries, goldfish and a cat, under the care of Dorothy and Barbara.

Our experiment with animals and birds as aids to character-building is two years old. Joan and I now hold that the greatest agencies for the education of children are the church, the home, the school—and *pets*.

1. Caring for Their Pets has kept our Children off the Streets

We know where they are after school-hours. They are either to be found in the back garden with their animals, or out in the field, not far from the house, gathering fodder. When their routine duties are done, the living quarters may need repairing, or there may be a sick animal that needs attention. In one way or another, our children find their spare time so happily occupied with their hobbies, they have no desire to play in the streets.

2. Caring for Pets has Developed Their Ingenuity and Initiative

For example. One morning Donald came running into the house with a dead rabbit in his arms. There was a small incision in its throat that spelled "weasel." Here was a problem that demanded immediate solution. The lives of their beloved pets depended upon it! For the rest of the day, the four children racked their brains for a

plan to humanely combat the weasel evil. It was Dorothy who solved the problem—to the satisfaction of the boys—and the welfare of the rabbits.

3. Caring for Pets has Developed Regular Habits in our Children

It is a rigid rule, clearly understood by the children, that their pets are to be watered, fed and cleaned regularly. Otherwise, the animals must go. This regular routine keeps the children on their toes. We have had to check up Billy only once on this count. Something had attracted his attention, to the neglect of Beazer's meals. Billy was summoned—with Beazer, to the library. During the investigation, we pointed out that Beazer was suffering because of Billy's negligence. Deliberately drawing attention to Beazer, who sat on the rug with one ear drooping and his head cocked saucily, we broke the news to Billy that his pet would have to go to Aunt Jane's in the morning, because we couldn't face the thought of his starving in the garden. Billy gave one look at Beazer and that was enough. Catching him up in his arms, he fled tearfully to the backyard.

4. Caring for Pets has Taught our Children Thrift and Unselfishness

Instead of spending their pennies on candies and movies, the children put them into a fund reserved for the care of their pets. There is nearly always something required for which they are laying aside their pennies. This year Donald and the girls pooled their resources with what Billy had saved, to buy Beazer his license. Last month the two boys paid for the repairing of the rabbit-hutch.

After all, this is an experiment that you must try for yourself. Give your children pets—but there is one difficulty that you must be prepared to meet. When they have been in charge of them awhile, they may want to turn your back garden into a home for every stray animal in the neighborhood. Last winter a timid fawn fled for protection into the field next to us, and at once our children wanted to adopt it. But this is a problem you will have to settle in your own way.

Sentiment and nobility and love are immortal. . . . Tenderness, and loyalty, and patience, and self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty—these are life's natural aspirations.

CHANNING POLLOCK

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Mighty Silver-tip

W. J. BANKS

WHAT a fearsome enemy of man, according to popular belief, is Silver-tip, the king of bears! The coming of settlement and repeating rifles to the western hills and valleys has resulted in an alarming decimation of his numbers. The mighty grizzly is fallen on evil days, and has almost disappeared from his former extensive range except in the protected areas of national parks and the most remote regions of the far northern Rockies.

Many awesome tales of unprovoked attacks by grizzly bears have been told in justification of their ruthless slaughter. Yet early white visitors to the western hills seldom regarded Silver-tip as an enemy. The pioneer mountain men were willing to respect the grizzly's desire for privacy, and their experiences generally coincided with the views of modern naturalists to the effect that Silver-tip will not attack man without some provocation.

Of course these powerful beasts may at times have a different idea than the human intruder as to just what constitutes such provocation, and to be on the safe side in grizzly country it is as well to give a grouchy old he-bear or a mother bear with cubs quite a wide berth. The grizzly certainly sees no reason why he should give ground, in his own hunting preserves, to anything on two legs; and of the four-footed folk only the tiny skunk can walk nonchalantly along the trail, sure of the right-of-way, when Silver-tip wishes to pass.

While an adult grizzly cannot be tamed, many cubs have been successfully reared as faithful and harmless pets. Black bears, usually considered much less dangerous, often become peevish and unreliable in captivity; but, strangely enough, a tame grizzly has never been convicted of treachery. "Grizzly" Adams, a famous character of pioneer days in the Rockies, had various grizzly pets, some of which he trained to act as watch-dogs and pack animals.

Numerous grizzlies, used to the presence of man, feed about human habitations in the national parks. But so great is man's respect for Silver-tip's prowess, and so shy has the latter become in his natural state, that even yet there are gaps in our knowledge of his life and habits.

Our Dumb Animals

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